

# UNION LABOR DEPARTMENT

Under the Auspices  
of the  
OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

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## WOMAN'S POWER.

It has been said that: "The hand that rocks the cradle, is the hand that rules the world." It may be said that this statement, at least in a general sense, is absolutely true. The child, being thrown more constantly in the society of her mother, naturally partakes more of her influence than that of the father. She teaches the baby to walk; the little tongue to prattle; the mother. Who brushes care from the little brows, soothes the wounded feelings and kisses the smart from the bruise away?—the mother. From babyhood to childhood and through youth to young man and womanhood, the mother is most sought after for pity and sympathy; for counsel and advice. And so we see the great possibilities of the mother in moulding the character of the child—curbing the evil tendencies and developing the nobler ones; or vice versa. We see, therefore, that the world will be ruled largely according to the way motherhood decides to wield her almost limitless influence.

But this is not the only way in which woman can assist in making this world better. As the girl grows to womanhood she can wield a splendid and salutary influence upon her associates that was cause them to consider well the things of life. And after she becomes the wife of the man of her choice, she still has a wide field of influence—even to the changing of the destinies of nations.

The highest ambition of the wife should be the making of a home; and by that we do not mean the mere act of cooking, washing, mending, and the thousand and one things that go to make up the day of toil; but the wielding of that influence that makes home attractive and inviting, that exerts a sympathy that partakes of the real essence of domesticity—the sharing of the burdens that fall upon the breadwinner, that anxiety to help and assist him in his plans, and scheme for the success of the household; both mentally and in a material way. For, this the wife who first sees the worried look, the furrowed brow, the drooping spirits and the failing health, and it is she who, more than anyone in the world, through her sympathy, encouragement and tact, can recall the pleasant smile, smooth the wrinkled brow, bid vain care depart, renew the courage and revive the falling vitality of the husband. And so, also, may the sister exercise a wonderful restraining influence over the wild recklessness of the brother.

Then, again, the wife may assist in developing the mental capacity of the husband, by reading the newspapers and magazines and books, and discussing the current topics of the day with him. But, it is objected by some, after the household duties are performed, there is no time for reading. We would say to such women, "We have known women who, after caring for a household of from five to seven persons, still could find time to read and to write articles for magazines, and still lived."

O, woman! You don't realize what power you are capable of wielding, either for good or evil. You can make of a man a saint or a devil. You can make his life a burden or a pleasure. You can be of inestimable value to him in accumulating, at least, a little of this world's goods, or you can keep his nose on the "grindstone" forever. You can help him to become more intellectual and broader minded, or you can reduce him to a point below mediocrity. Which will you do? Seeing, therefore, that so much depends upon woman, and that by the proper use of the power she holds in her hands, we would say to the mother, the wife, the daughter or the sister of the union man: You have the opportunity to exert a greater and more powerful influence in behalf of the principles of unionism than the union man has himself. How, or in what way, do you ask? First, you can keep yourself posted on the labor movement that you may be able to advise with him and help to devise ways and means for bettering conditions under which he works; for shortening his hours of toil and increasing his pay, and help him in a thousand other ways as the opportunities arise.

Second: You can create a demand for the fruits of his toil. How? You purchase more of the household necessities, do you say? "The DEMANDING THE UNION LABEL" on all you buy, you create a demand for union-made goods, and thus strengthen the cause of unionism, thereby giving employment to more union men and women. Unionism may be likened to a plant, which grows by patronizing union people. By patronizing union people, whether they be in Ogden, New York or San Francisco, you strengthen unionism, thereby benefiting, directly or indirectly, every union man in the country. Then, as a safeguard to the home, you should purchase only goods that are made under sanitary conditions. Many a case of contagion has resulted from eating food and wearing clothing manufactured in the "sweat shop," the "tenement house" or the prison; and you can be sure that you get none of these, only when you purchase goods bearing the "UNION LABEL." How many women ever think of demanding the union label? O, if the women would insist on the union label, how long would it be till unionism would double, and triple, and quadruple its present strength? Now, dear woman, if you really wish to be the true helpmate that you ought to be, don't ever say again: "I don't care where my husband or brother eats; I'll go to the other place if I want to, or my husband can wear union-made clothes if he wants to; but I'll wear what I please." In so doing, you not only hinder your husband or brother in their efforts, but you injure yourself as well.

Work together with them for your mutual benefit. We have hundreds of thousands of men and women in our land who have worked day and night for years to bring about ideal conditions, and they are still striving for

those conditions. Will you help them and at the same time benefit yourself? If so, exercise your almost unlimited power in DEMANDING THE UNION LABEL.

## A TRIBUTE TO LABOR.

One of the ablest and most impressive speeches on the subject of "Labor" was recently made by Representative William Sulzer, of New York, in advocacy of his bill to create a department of labor, with a seat in the President's cabinet for its head. The speech, delivered in the House of Representatives, and was in part, as follows:

"Mr. Speaker: I shall take advantage of this occasion to speak for the toilers of our country—for the rights of the men who create the wealth of our land, for those who are the backbone of the republic, the American workmen, who have made us all that we are and will make us, if we are true to ourselves, all that we hope to be—the greatest, the grandest, the freest and the most prosperous people the world has ever seen."

"No man, in my opinion, can pay too high a tribute to 'labor.' It is the creative force of the material world the genius of accomplishment of the brain and the brawn of the land, the spirit of progress, and the milstone marking the advance of man. Civilization owes everything to labor—to the constructive toiler and the creative worker. Labor is very little to be glorified. Mother Earth is labor's best friend. From the forests and her fields, from her rocks and her rivers, the toiler has wrought all and brought forth the wonders of the world."

"Labor is not of today or of yesterday or of tomorrow. It is eternal. Dynasties come and go, governments rise and fall, centuries succeed centuries, but labor goes on forever. Labor is the everlasting law of life."

"Tear down your palaces and your temples, and labor will replace them; close every avenue of trade and commerce, and labor will reopen them; destroy your towns and your cities, and labor will rebuild them greater and grander than they were. But destroy labor, and famine will stalk the land and pestilence will decimate the human race. If every laborer in the world should cease work for ninety days it would cause the greatest catastrophe that ever befell mankind—a tragedy to the human race impossible to depict and too frightful to contemplate."

## THAT COMMISSION.

One of the tenets of unionism is the "National, state and municipal ownership of public utilities." Another of its tenets is: "Political death of all grafters." Last summer, when the question of the purchase of the Ogden waterworks system was being agitated, the Ogden Trades & Labor Assembly, representing about twenty-five unions, became interested, and sought all the information obtainable on the subject. The honorable mayor or with the city attorney addressed that body on the plan of purchase and the benefits to be derived from municipal ownership. After a lengthy and thorough discussion of the subject by that body, it was finally decided that as many of our members were not taxpayers, it would be better to not take any decided action on the matter, but let the taxpayers decide the question without any influence that that body might exert, as they—the taxpayers—would have to "foot the bill," although we were much in favor of the measure and doubtless most of us voted for it. We believed then and still believe that it would be a good thing in the long run for Ogden to own the waterworks, it would be economically managed.

It was proposed in the beginning that the coming legislature should be asked to pass a law whereby a commission should be created to handle the water question, yet we heard nothing of the \$100 per month or the \$500 per day "jokers," or were they an afterthought? Now, whichever way it was, "think out loud" that that is nothing more or less than a downright grafting scheme, concocted by a few political grafters. And we don't purpose to stand idly by and submit to such a pickpocket scheme if we can avoid it. And the way that bill was prepared and introduced into the legislature looked like, too, and had there not been a "leak" somewhere, the bill might have passed before the people knew anything about it. Oh, but the bill has been amended, don't you know. No, we don't know; we hear that it has been, but we don't know. O, for the referendum! But that would spoil the grafter's job. Too bad. But, if you are opposed to a water commission, anyway, it is only another useless spoke in the wheel. The best present form of city government is far too cumbersome as it is. No one seems to be responsible for what is done, and to whom would a commission be responsible? Practically to no one; a creature of the mayor, turned loose to roam at will. The best thing, after all, is to change the system of government; pay the governing body good, stiff salaries; make them responsible directly to the people, thereby eliminating the temptation to graft, thus saving thousands of dollars each year.

Now, Mr. (whoever is responsible for that bill), let's have a copy of it. If it is not intended as a "graft" measure, turn on the light. The water works was purchased by the people, for the benefit of the people; and not for the benefit of a set of grafters.

## GAL THREE UNION LABOR MORE FRIENDS.

It has been some time since we published a list of friends, but that is not our fault. We will "make mention" just as fast as the "boys" send in the lists. The Electrical Workers have been busy lately in ascertaining the names of men who were willing to contract with them to employ only union men. So, if you wish any wir-

ing done by strictly union labor, you can secure the same by calling upon the following responsible firms: Salvage & Heady, Carl Redfield, The Ogden Electric Supply Co., and The Electric Fixture & Supply Co. Now, the only way to encourage people to patronize union people is to let them know where they can secure the services of union people. Let us know who can be relied upon to employ union people, and we in turn will let the people know.

## MARXIAN SOCIALISTS

(Continued From Page Twelve.)

own, is ninety per cent. If ninety per cent of these people are left so public as to be thrown upon a destitute charity, it can only be that they could not prepare for a rainy day. A larger and larger number of people must be becoming dependent on the employer's readiness to give them work; and when they are employed, their wages will only keep them a short month from the pauperhouse. When we find that in a single city, 10,000 families are in this condition, it shows that more and more of the people of the country are being thrown into wage slavery, and that their share of the product is sinking ever lower. That they are physically dejected, such that every American, male and female, could look forward to attaining economic independence, such as it was. Men gladly became apprentices, and girls servants, well knowing that in a few years they would be able to become householders in their own right. In the United States today there are 500,000 school children underfed, and with some physical defect or another. These 500,000 children underfed imply an amount of poverty that you may imagine for yourselves. The world has ever seen.

Decrease in Marriage as a Symptom. Another symptom is the decrease of marriage. We know that when marriages decrease it is an evidence of increased difficulty in living. Marriages are decreasing at a terrific rate, and divorces are increasing proportionately. With husband and wife, that happens which happens to partners in business. When business goes well, there is no clash. But let business go bad, and each discovers "flaws" in the other, and the partnership is ended. The number of divorces is an index of hardship in the home, inducing clashes. This is symptom No. 5, that things are deteriorating.

For another symptom, the 6th in the series, take the constitution of the Postal Telegraphers' Union, which gives the company which rules them the right of absolutely running the affairs of the union, thus gutting all the self-governing rights conquered by the American revolution. This voluntary relinquishing of rights can only point to decline.

All these things point to a growing worse of conditions.

Adulteration as Another Symptom. Then there is the adulteration of foods. Senator Stewart of Idaho, speaking in the senate on December 12, 1906, said: "I do not think the country has any idea of the poisons administered in foods. It is sampling the constitution of the people. If we had to raise soldiers as we did in 1861, I doubt whether we could find them." Clothing is also frightfully adulterated. The result of this on health and life is obvious.

So, then, things are getting worse, but is it a misfortune? No, it is a decided fortune. The sufferings of any social period cannot be looked at in the abstract. The present social distress is a condition that does not portend worse, it portends better—it portends revolution. The present physical sufferings and discomfort are marking the people into shape for the next step in industrial government.

And it is not the suffering which is making for progress, but the conditions which underly and cause it. Those conditions are driving the race to its duty in overthrowing the class which is today standing between it and plenty.—Do Leon.

## THE WHOLE HOG!

That is the only logical demand.

That does not mean that labor while it is fighting for the whole of what it produces should not take everything it can conquer.

It means that the working class as a whole can get no permanent improvement in its material condition while wage slavery lasts.

War on the industrial field kills more than on the tented field of gore. The class war between the capitalist class and the working class always goes on.

A Frenchman is offered with saying: A few people are put in insane asylums to make the rest believe that all outside are sane.

The insane are cared for and live in healthy and beautiful surroundings, the sane vegetate in vile slums, breathe foul air, wallow in poverty, and live in fear and trembling. Compare the surroundings of Gladesville insane asylum with the ugliness and filth of Chippendale, Waterloo and Alexandria—where the "sane" workers are stabled.

Sane people starve when too much is produced, and make a black hell of what ought to be a bright earthly paradise. It would seem that men have indeed lost their reason and become brutish beasts.

Socialism is the only salvation of the world.

Nothing short of the complete abolition of capitalism will suffice to create a sane society, and transform this earth into a beautiful civilized place where all may live in economic peace and social harmony.

The logic of capitalism is merciless; likewise the logic of socialism, for it says: Nothing short of the abolition of capitalism can end the crucifixion of labor.—Sydney (Australia) People.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

"But their release will be the most effective way of spreading the news."

"On the contrary, they cannot make it known without exposing themselves. If they do that, Ferdinand will see to it that their respective sovereigns quietly but effectively remove them. Each of them is so well known that they may be arrested at any time. Ferdinand shrewdly makes them hostages, as it were. The three certainly will exert their great influence to check the rebellion they themselves have fostered. As for Gornji and Gortschakoff, before they are released from the hospital the crisis will have passed."

"And are we left to account for the deaths of Starva and Bratunau as best we may?" I questioned anxiously.

"If you remember, I told you at Lucerne that I am an old newspaper man. It is impossible to hide the fact that an attack has been made on Prince Ferdinand here to-night. But an attack by his own countrymen that has proved a disastrous failure is quite a different thing from a deliberate gathering here of representatives of each of the Balkan States. Ferdinand has taken my advice to post in hot haste to Sofia. I shall see to it that this night's work does not get into the papers until 24 hours have passed. By that time he will have shown himself safe and sound in Sofia. The episode of the death-march will have proved a complete fiasco. My story will make Prince Ferdinand a hero triumphant over his foes and not a weak king who was lured here unwittingly by his mistress to his doom."

"There still remains Jacques."

"Oh, Jacques," said Locke, with contempt. "He was only a tool of Starva's and a stupid tool at that. It was he who was to lower the flag at half-mast, it seems—to give the signal to the conspirators who were watching in the villa. But when he rushed to the chamber window to lower the flag he found both rope and fastenings wrenched away. He supposed that the gale had done this, but seeing the flag at half-mast, the rope being caught in the pulley, he said nothing about the matter to Starva. I suspect that you were responsible for the lowering of the flag, and not the gale."

"I needed the rope," I said, shortly, too impatient to make further explanation. "And now for my last question: What the devil did you mean when you said that you had promoted me? And why this haste that I leave Alterhoffen?"

"Are you so anxious then that it be known that you have been impersonating the British ambassador?"

"Scarcely," I said, uneasily.

"And my dear fellow, Kuhn and the rest think that it was Sir Mortimer who came to the rescue of Prince Ferdinand, and not Mr. Ernest Haddon, an American tourist."

"But why do you allow them to think this?"

"Haddon, at times you are singularly dense. If these men believe that the British ambassador has been killed by one of their number while defending Ferdinand, they may not see that this will keep them even more silent regarding their share in this night's tragedy? For if England's ambassador were really murdered, you may be sure that she would not rest until she had brought the assassins to justice."

"You are right, Locke; I must leave Alterhoffen at once."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Second Dispatch.

I was about to go to Helena in the music room to bid her good-by, when Capt. Forbes returned from his errand.

"Well, that's settled," he cried, joining us. "And do you agree with Locke and myself that it is wise that you should leave Alterhoffen before daylight?"

"Perfectly."

"He heard my decision with evident relief."

"You will accept my apology for mistaking you, Haddon, and I hope we shall be friends," said he offering me his hand with a winning smile. "But you must confess you gave me ample grounds for being a little wary of you. Before long we shall meet, and I shall hope to hear your reasons for going into this extraordinary adventure. In the meanwhile, may I trouble you for the dispatch I gave to you in the hotel at Vitznau, or did it fall into Starva's hand that night?"

"To prevent that I dropped it from the window into a disused fountain in the garden below."

"Where I found it," interrupted Locke. "He found it, and please observe that the seals are unbroken."

"Frankly, Forbes," I said, "I thought you rather an idiot to give me an important dispatch that night. You must have seen that I was more or less in Starva's power, and that he was likely to gain possession of the papers."

"Had that dispatch fallen into his

hands, he would have been able to tell us the whole story of the matter."

"We have all heard the story of the woman who told the new maid to wash the curtains, meaning the lace ones, and came into the kitchen just in time to discover the newest window shades melting in the boiler. But we do not all know that when shades are merely dust soiled the surface can be freshened by the application of hot corn meal. The shade should first be spread out flat on a large table and the meal rubbed in with a circular motion of the palm. Then if cir-

led gently with a soft, dry cloth the meal and the dust it has absorbed will be removed without leaving any trace of either.—Country Life in America.

## A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Little Helena Bentley of Los Angeles, aged five, dearly loves her grandparents, who have been living with her and her parents. Recently grandma went to Seattle for a visit, and caught cold on the way. When she arrived there, she wrote back to Helena's par-

ents that she had reached Seattle, but had had a hard fight with the grip. Helena wanted to hear what grandma had to say, and the letter was read to her. Soon afterward she saw to her surprise that the letter was from grandma. She got a letter all right, but she had a terrible fight with her valise."

To shut out noise.

To shut out the various small noises which so annoy and distract one en-

into the hands of this committee. Capt. Forbes will follow the same course if necessary. He has full instructions to exercise his discretion in this matter.

"It is not without surprise that the ministry has learned of your promise to Ferdinand regarding England's support of his project, namely, the threatened invasion of Macedonia. Fortunately, the ministry is convinced that some such move as you sanction is expedient to free Macedonia from the atrocities of Turkish misrule that have shocked Europe so long. His majesty's ministry therefore is inclined to overlook in this instance any undue bias you have shown in espousing Macedonia's cause."

"If you are convinced that the financier of New York City whom you have named is sincere in his offer to give Prince Ferdinand financial support, you are authorized to tell him that his majesty's ministers are heartily in favor of Prince Ferdinand's invasion, and will exert every influence to insure him unrestricted action. Moreover, the foreign office is in full accord with your views as to the sum of money indispensable to Ferdinand's project."

"But while his majesty's government agrees with you that lofty principles actuate Bulgaria, it realizes with yourself that lofty principles are not sufficient to insure the success of Ferdinand's cause."

"In conclusion, we hasten to assure you of our fullest sympathy in your endeavor to help an oppressed people gain their liberty, and that it is not without satisfaction we find ourselves enabled to further your personal wishes and ambitions in this matter. Nor need you have anxiety that your own interests will run counter to those of England. We view with concern the precarious state of your health; but we trust that it will not prove an obstacle to your contemplated meeting of the financier in conference at Alterhoffen at the chateau of Prince Ferdinand's secret

agent. With renewed expressions of our complete confidence in you, I believe me, sir, etc."

"Haddon," said Locke, not a little crestfallen, "I was carefully wide of the mark in my conjecture concerning Sir Mortimer's relations with the Countess Sarahoff. I told you that morning at Lucerne that I was behind the scenes. I confess myself the veriest amateur."

Never has writing thrilled me as did that dispatch. A great light was dawning on me. I clutched the paper. I held it with a trembling hand. "Forbes," I cried, hoarsely, "once, though quite unwillingly, I tricked you out of the dispatch Locke just returned to you. But now I ask you to give me for half an hour the dispatch you have just read. It means everything to Sir Mortimer's sister. Man, there has been more devilry in this Castle of Lies than you are aware of. The honor of Sir Mortimer himself is at stake. This dispatch will help to save it. Give me the paper that I may show it to Miss Brett."

"I have been too much astonished at the events of the past 24 hours to wonder at your request. Take your dispatch, but you will return it intact."

"You need have no fear as to that; the papers you saw me take from the safe, which Madame de Varnier wrestled from me—they belong to Miss Brett."

"He hesitated."

"On my honor, they concern no one but her. What! Do you still mistrust me?"

"No, my dear fellow."

He placed the packet in my hand. I entered the music room to bring to Helena tidings of great joy.

Tidings of Great Joy.

She stood at the open window looking out on the mountains in the far

distance. They were phantoms at despair beckoning to her in the moonlight. They had brought suffering to her as well as to myself; for had I not gone to Lucerne, and told her the story of my cowardice, perhaps she would have been spared the knowledge of her brother's disgrace.

"Dear," I said gently, "do you remember the little beacon that shone long after the lights on Pilatus and Rigi had flickered out? That little light put heart into me then. It tells you to hope now."

"There is no light on the mountains over there to-night."

"It may burn though you do not see it. The packet I took from the safe, have you destroyed it?"

"I was about to do so as you entered. Here it is."

"Capt. Forbes has just given me the second packet—the one that Madame de Varnier took from me forcibly. It is possible that its contents concern your brother. May I open it?"

"Yes," she said listlessly.

I tore open the packet with deliberation, though heavens knows my fingers trembled. I spread the paper on the piano where I had shown Madame de Varnier the death-mask the evening before. I read them one after the other. The proof was absolute. Sir Mortimer's honor could no longer be questioned. Fools we had been and blinded.

"Helena," I said, mastering my emotion with an effort "it is as I thought; these papers throw a flood of light on the letters and notes of your brother that we have so harshly misunderstood."

She came swiftly to my side. "Harshly misunderstood!" she repeated with blanched lips.

I was sorting carefully the papers Helena had just given me, the letters supposed to have been written by the committee of freedom, and to which Sir Mortimer's comments were pinned. I laughed aloud when I saw that these letters, supposed to be the originals were typewritten, as were the copies.

Now I understood why Madame de Varnier had refused to let me see what she called the original papers. It was not so much that she feared I should destroy them; she knew that the fact of their being typewritten would at once awaken my suspicion.

"Did it not occur to you as being rather suspicious that these letters were written on a typewriter?"

"At first it did," replied Helena, searching my face wonderingly. "But she quieted my doubts by explaining to me that the letters were typed to prevent the possibility of their being traced."

"The ingenious Madame de Varnier!"

Helena did not speak; her agitation was too great for words. She watched me, at once bewildered and eager, while I read the contents of both packets carefully once more. When I had read them, I sorted them no less carefully. For ten minutes there was silence between us.

"Helena," I said with a deep sigh, "when I had finished my task, 'once tonight I said this was a Castle of Lies, but I did not realize until now how surely I spoke the truth. These letters are forgeries.'"

"Impossible," she murmured, wringing her hands in anguish. "I know my brother's writing too well."

"Follow me carefully, and you will see that I speak the truth. I do not question your brother's handwriting. But listen first of all to this dispatch which was taken from Capt. Forbes when he was trapped in the tower. Tell me if any of the expressions in it are familiar to you."

"Yes, yes," she cried eagerly, when I had finished. "Lofty principles actuate Bulgaria, but lofty principles are not sufficient to insure success. You need have no anxiety that your own interests will run counter to those of England; the references to the loan, to my brother's indiscretion, to his ambitions—all these appear in my brother's notes in connection with the letters of the committee of freedom."

"Now read these letters—the contents of the second packet. They were written to your brother by Prince Ferdinand himself, and deal with the loan to be floated by the banker to finance Ferdinand's invasion of Macedonia. The notes and comments of your brother have reference, not to these typewritten letters, which were never written by any committee of freedom, which were never received by Sir Mortimer, but are the cunning fabrications of that woman—but to these letters of Ferdinand. Look you can see the pins pierced each of Ferdinand's letters. As I place your brother's notes on the respective letters to which they have reference, the pins mark, fit precisely. You may still cherish proudly the motto of your house: 'Honor, my Sword!'"

"Ernest, if this be true—"

"It is true," I said firmly, and I drew her to me. "I must leave Alterhoffen to-night, Helena. It must not be known that I have been mistaken for your brother. I am going to find Madame de Varnier. When I return to you I shall bring with me her written confession. And when I return, sweetheart? You Bretts, you have told me, are a proud race. Disgrace you would bear alone. But your happiness?"

"Our happiness," she said shyly, "we share with others."

(The End.)

When Courage Failed.

"A man should always have the courage of his convictions." "Yes," answered the member of congress gloomily; "but when it comes to voting to increase your salary even the stoutest heart is liable to forget its high sense of justice and moral duty."—Washington Star.

THE REASON.

Mistress—I should like to know why your latest young man keeps so silent when he is with you in the kitchen.

Mary—Oh, ma'am, as yet the poor fellow has not done much 'tillin' but ate.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TO SHUT OUT NOISE.

To shut out the various small noises which so annoy and distract one en-